



PROPHETIC.

First Gentleman: WHASH THIS? GUESSH I'VE GOT SMOTHER FELLER'S TILE. FITCH LIKE A WASH TUB.

Second Gentleman: OH! NEVER MIND. IT'LL FITCHER ALL RIGHT TO—HIC—MORROW MORNING.

AMERICAN SVN

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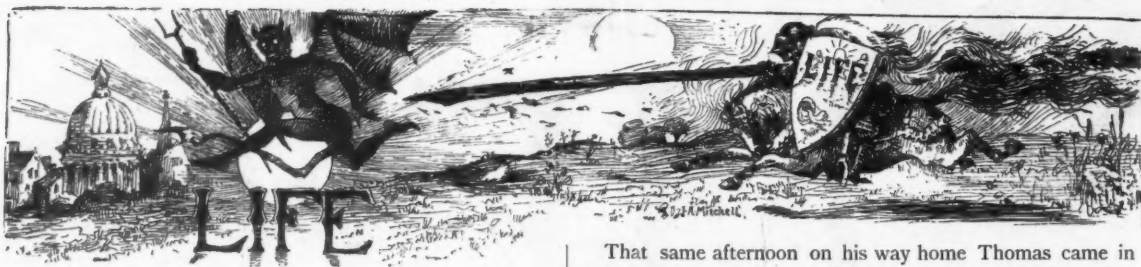
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THE

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MR. THOMAS STEWART, a gentleman of leisure and Georgia, has just rendered himself famous by dying. It was supposed by the relatives and friends of the family, who by the way have been respectfully invited to view the remains at his late residence in Augusta, that Mr. Stewart possessed a charmed life owing to his many and marvellous escapes from death.

It seems that while Thomas was very much of a boy he was seized with an unholy desire to feed cattle in a swamp at Alapaha, the cat-tails and stagnation of which were supposed to impart a lucrative if not nutritive quality to the milk which Thomas's father was wont to dispense to the upper ten of Augusta and suburban townlets.

On a certain occasion while Thomas was endeavoring to give the native frogs of the swamp an impressive imitation of a Spanish bull-fight with a small-sized heifer and a thoroughbred cream-cow, the aspect of the entertainment was changed by the untimely appearance of a beautiful but too numerous tiger on the scene, which immediately proceeded to enjoy itself at Thomas's expense by placing him gently but firmly flat on his back, and lacerating his feelings to such an extent that he proceeded to recite his last words.

Fortunately he had chosen the immortal lines of Casabianca, and no sooner had the tiger heard the opening words than he incontinently fled, and has not been seen in the vicinity to this day.

Thomas hastily arranged his somewhat mutilated toilet and hurried home, and having informed his friends that the danger was over, they overwhelmed him with offers to go to his assistance, which it is needless to say, he declined with thanks.

Some years later while employed as a feeder in a cane mill, Thomas caught his hand between the rollers and had it not been for the fact that he had taken a course of hand shaking with the various candidates for office in which Georgia at that time abounded, he would doubtless have lost his hand and arm.

That same afternoon on his way home Thomas came in contact with a streak of lightning which used him rather shabbily, stealing his watch and removing from his person a half of the left leg of a brand new pair of trousers in which it was his intention to make a call that evening.

Still later in life having been dropped from the second story window of the mansion of the girl of his heart by her irate father, Thomas still maintained sufficient vitality to elope with the fair object of his affections, and receive in his calf the fangs of a moccasin without losing his equanimity or his bride, for they were married that evening.

The wound inflicted by the snake was made null and void by the presence in Thomas's system of a case of Jersey electricity which, by some mischance, the parson had in the house.

The snake died.

Nor was this all, for Thomas spent three years of his life in Congress and escaped unscathed.

His death was a matter of surprise to his friends who were not aware that he was a regular reader of the editorial columns of the New York *Tribune*.

Please omit flowers.

* * *

GEN. GORDON is again reported dead.

The mortality of Gordon during the past year has been something marvellous, as his official record has been somewhat over eleven deaths.

He should at least make it a baker's dozen.

* * *

IT is a pity that such artists as Theodore Thomas and Dr. Damrosch cannot rise above the level of petty quarrels, which do much to lower them in the esteem of the public.

That two such concerts as those of the Chorus and the Oratorio Societies last week should have been given on the same evening, when arrangements might have been made by a little concession on one side or the other, whereby different dates could have been chosen, bespeaks very little management or good sense on the part of our great orchestral and choral leaders.

Such behavior not only demeans the leaders themselves, but in a measure imposes on the good nature of the music-loving public, many of whom desired to hear both concerts, and were deprived of the opportunity for so doing.

* * *

THERE is said to be a crane in Hamburg capable of lifting 147 tons. This is probably another bird story started for campaign purposes.



AT BAY.

He: HOW SNUBBY YOU ARE WITH THESE YOUNG MEN! THAT LAST ONE IS QUITE BROKEN UP.
She (who lives in a collegiate town): I REALLY CAN NOT HELP IT; I AM *so* TIRED OF EDUCATING OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.

I WONDER HOW?

I WONDER how they can have met,
 These two, who, where the blue waves wet
 The shining sands, are passing by—
 She looking sweetly coy and shy,
 He pleased, though rather cool as yet?

An hour or more I see they let
 Slip quickly by. How can they get
 Such pleasure from the sea and sky?
 I wonder how?

They come, when now the sun is set,
 Humming some sweet old love duet,
 She bears his cane perched upon high,
 He swings her hat as they pass nigh.
 —Some day 'twill break; this witching net,
 I wonder how?

B., JR.

A RECOMMENDATION.

MR. LABOUCHERE recommends the following passage in "Carlyle's Life" to those young pests who, without a real notion of music, make the air around them hideous by their everlasting strumming on a piano: "The miserable young woman in the next house to me spends all her young bright days, not in learning to darn stockings, sew shirts, bake pastry, or any art, mystery, or business that will profit herself or others; not even in amusing herself or skipping on the grass plots with laughter of her mates, but simply and solely in raging from dawn to dark, to night and midnight, on a hapless piano, which it is evident she will never in this world render more musical than a pair of barn clappers! The miserable young female!"

DR. BURCHARD ought to receive a sinner-cure from the new administration.

It's a nil wind that blows nobody good.



H-N-Y IRV-NG: Yes, we are glad to see you back, but we have n't quite \$3.00 worth of gladness to squander on a seat in the last row. Your esteemed countryman Charley Rowell walks much better than you for half the price. Reduce the tariff, old chappie, reduce the tariff.

IT was a graduate of the Yale Foot-ball Department who translated *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—"to the dead there are nothing but bones."

THE *Times* announces the sentence of a "Bad Quartette." It would be interesting to note the crowded condition of our prisons if all the bad quartettes in this land of churches were dealt with in the same way.

THE uprising in the Isle of Sky is ominous, foretelling as it does a second Reign of Terrier.

THE richest man in the world is said to be a Chinese Banker, Han Qua by name.

The size of his fortune leads to the apparently unseasonable remark that he too must have cast his Han Qua to windward.

SOME months since in a spirit of kindness we suggested that Mr. Blaine might act on the words of Henry Clay, "I had rather be right than President."

If Mr. Blaine had taken the hint he would not now be giving us an example of a man whom the people "would rather have left than President."

DIPLOMATIC society is much exercised over a telegram from Toulon stating that "Two bruisers and five bun-boats had been ordered to prepare to sail into China."

THE *Times* reports Bishop O'Farrell as saying to the Pope "the words attributed to me are totally false." Does B. O'F. keep the the toe tally?

THE Paris *Figaro* has begun a series of studies on the art of living in grand style in 1884.

Having spent several years in America studying art institutions, the author of these studies is said to have startling theories on the way Congressmen, Judges and others can live at the rate of \$25,000 per annum on a salary of \$10,000, and still save enough to own several dozen Rail Roads and other enterprises.

Next to editing, Statesmanship seems to be the most lucrative of professions.

A TALE OF MODERN GOTHAM.

CHAPTER I.



TUYVESANT VAN KNEEBREECHES was a member of an old and respected Knickerbocker family residing in the city of New York. His youth had been spent in school far off in the New Hampshire hills, and Columbia College, having taken a hand in his interests,

gave him that polishing off which renders a college graduate unfit for business of any kind until, after years of idleness, he has unlearned a greater part of his so-called knowledge.

Stuyvesant's father, Onderdonk Van D. Van Kneebreeches, was President of the Koneé Island National Bank, so well known a few years ago as one of the staunchest sand banks this side of the Atlantic; and as the corporation of which he was President maintained three safe deposit vaults with but a single key, and that in his possession, Onderdonk Van D. Van Kneebreeches was enabled to carry on a very lucrative business; and the fact not having gone abroad that President Onderdonk kept the keys to the vault, he was regarded with much confidence by the hoi polloi, if we may thus Americanize this familiar quotation!

When we say that the fact had not gone abroad, we do not for a moment mean to infer that Stuyvesant had not been abroad. *Au contraire*, as they say on Murray Hill, judging from Stuyvesant's conversation when with Miss Mamie Van Brawdweé and pretty Jeannie Upaten, he had never lived anywhere else.

Did Mamie ask him how he liked the opera last night, Stuyvesant answered:

"Very fine! Very fine, indeed. Very fine. But, aw-when I was abroad I saw it sung much finah. Still 't was very fine. I may say doosed fine."

Did Jeannie drive him along the Riverside, he would remark:

"So like the Bwah de Boolon. Very pretty. Very!"

It was well said that Stuyvesant was a remarkable conversationalist. That is, he was for a young man in New York society.

After trying every profession he could think of, from cattle-ranching to raising dogs—the social leader of to-day never rests his mind upon such vulgar things as law, medicine, or, in fact, anything brainy—he finally found his level as cashier in his father's bank, and on his salary of five thousand a year was enabled to keep himself in a manner quite equal to an eighteen-carat fifty-thousand-dollar swell. It's a way young men have nowadays.

THAT "FOOLERTUNG."

THE Saturday eight-page illustrated number of the *Evening Telegram*, prepared under the personal supervision of Mr. John Habberton and a staff of industrious incompetents, has generally been considered the most elevated specimen of journalism in the world; but the recent addition of the illustrated dramatic feuilleton, or "foolertung," as it is called in the *Telegram* office, has perceptibly lowered the previous record. The "foolertung" is prepared by an agile young man who once saw a real one in a French paper which he could not read. But he carried away a vivid remembrance of the size and number of the paragraphs and was therefore well qualified to prepare an English one.

THE coming Lenten season promises to be unusually gay, as many devout people will go to see Eric Bayley in "The Colonel" and will not have to do any further penance.

THE satchel containing the costumes of the "Orpheus and Eurydice" company was mislaid by the property man on Thursday night and was not found until it was almost time to "ring up" on the first act. Hereafter the wardrobe will be deposited, with other valuables, in the hotel safe.

RIGHT AS USUAL.

[From the London Helter-Skelter Gazette.]

AFTER a close contest, Mr. James G. Blaine, of Maine, Ohio, has been elected President of the New York *Tribune*."



THE POINT OF VIEW.

Miss Tayleure: WHY, JANE! WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING?

Jane (who has been unpacking Sir Hubert de Tayleure (1066), just arrived): FAITH, MISS, YOU SAID IT WAS TO BE SET UP IN THE LIBRARY, AND I CAN'T MAKE NOTHING OUT OF IT, NOHOW. I NEVER SEE SUCH A STOVE BEFORE. IT'S ALL PIPE.

While at Mount Desert last summer on his month's vacation, he met Isabelle Gramercy, a young lady of talents, about on a par with his own, whose blood had as large a streak of mazarine in it as his own, but whose position socially was somewhat higher than his, as her father could have seen his father's wealth several times over, and had enough left to keep him in comfort for the rest of his years. Old Gramercy was a direct descendant of the famous family of Parks, who rumor has it were here before Columbus, an ancestry which a rising poet, whose claim for distinction lay in the fact that his great uncle, after making a few millions in pork, conveniently died and left it all to him, remarked, "Antidated, the most antiquated."

It was but natural that an attachment should spring up be-

tween these choice spirits, and not two weeks after they had met an engagement was announced between "Miss Isabelle Gramercy, the charming daughter of Colonel Gramercy, and the rising young Banker, Mr. Stuyvesant Van Kneebreeches, son of President Onderdonk Van D. Van Kneebreeches."

Three days after the engagement was announced Stuyvesant received a telegram, saying:

"Come home at once. I am in trouble.

O. Van D. Van K.

Collect 35c."

Stuyvesant had an engagement to go canoeing that evening with his fiancée, and that, combined with the fact that the telegram was a "collect" one, made him quite unwell for some time, but being thoroughly alarmed by the words "I am

in trouble," he bade Isabelle a hasty farewell, and having borrowed enough to pay for his fare at the Rodick, hastened to the city.

The next morning Isabelle received the following telegram from Stuyvesant:

"Our engagement must cease. Father is a defaulter for ten millions. He has just started for Canada!"

Like a firm business woman that she was, Isabelle went to the telegraph office and telegraphed Stuyvesant:

"Has he got the money with him?"

Shortly after the answer came flashing over the wires:

"He has!"

Wiping away the tears from her eyes, she hastily wrote,

"Let your troubles be my troubles. Let us fly together and join your father. We'll live together forever—in Europe."

Then, having heard the ticker tick the last word, she swooned away.

CHAPTER II.



OR many long lingering weeks Isabelle lay unconscious of the weary world without, and her eighteen-carat soul hovered 'twixt life and death, with chances largely on death's side. The knowledge of her Stuyvesant's father's crime weighed heavily upon her, but the fact that he had taken all the money with him, and was even then awaiting her arrival with his son in Canada, won her pure young soul back to life again, and she finally recovered.

She had hardly risen from her sick-bed when it was rumored abroad that Stuyvesant, too, in an hour of temptation had yielded, and was indebted to the bank, thanks to various flyers on the "street," to the extent of several hundred and odd thousands of dollars. This rumor was a matter of great mortification to Stuyvesant's friends and family, for it was positively false, and the figures were ridiculously, not to say scandalously, low.

No member of aristocratic circles could hold up his head on a defalcation of anything less than a million.

Isabella Gramercy felt the disgrace very keenly for more reasons than one. Not only was Stuyvesant her accepted lover, but the bonds which he was charged with "buying in" with the bank's money were her own, held in trust by the noted firm of Bustem & Grynne, and it did not speak well for Stuyvesant's perspicacity for him to squander his ill-gotten gains upon what would some day be his anyhow, and which, Isabella reasoned, he must have known were hers, or he never would have proposed marriage.

"I think, Stuyvesant, dear," she remarked to him one evening, while he was calling upon her—"I think you ought to be more careful in your business habits. Your reputation will suffer, and people will never have that confidence in you that they had in your father. The idea of a man with your opportunities for taking between five and six millions being accused of embezzling so small a sum as seven hundred and fifty thousands of dollars—and being innocent, too! What will your father think of you?"

"It's awful, Isabella, reawly it is! I hate to meet father! I don't know what he'll say, but I fear it will break his proud heart! But, Isabella, you do not think any the less of me, I hope?"

"No, Stuyvesant, no! It rather shook my faith in you when I heard the sum at which your reputed stealings had been placed, and when I heard that you had used the money to buy in my bonds, I nearly broke down. I blushed to think of my proud lover stooping to so small an amount, and such blind stupidity as to invest in your own 'mining stock' may be worthy of a Knickerbocker, but of a Gramercy, never! By the way, has your father obtained an exchange for the collaterals he took with him?"

"Yes. He writes me that he has found a Quebec lawyer who has consented to take the half-million unnegotiable governments registered in the bank's name on 'spec' as his fee. And then, too, the judge from whom he obtained his discharge shortly after the breach of etiquette on the part of the bank in holding father's person while the extradition treaty was construed, has accepted—also on 'spec' and as a dot for his son—the four hundred thousand dollar cheque which he had with him, signed as President, and which, had he left town by his front-door instead of through our neighbor's chimney, he would undoubtedly have turned into cash!"

"Dearest Stuyvesant, how I love you! What is the aggregate, then, of your father's savings?"

"Six million, four hundred and seventy-five thousand, two hundred and ninety-five dollars and thirty-two cents; a free pass on the Boston and Albany Railroad; one director's box for the next opera season, and three postal cards addressed to himself!"

"Stuyvesant, no matter what comes, Isabella Gramercy will never desert you!"

Ah! would that now when we draw a veil over their billings and cooings we could leave it covering them thus forever. But no! It is not to be.

Five days later Miss Gramercy was able to go out of the house, and in the course of a week was sufficiently recovered to take short walks on the avenue with her maid.

One sultry afternoon she was indulging in her usual promenade when she perceived coming toward her one of that variety of cabs known as the black-and-tan.

To Isabella's patrician heart the sight of anything so vulgar as a cheap cab was most revolting, and the proud girl now grew faint as she gazed with horror upon the offending four wheeler.

Nearer and nearer it drew, the relentless driver urging on his noble steed until it attained the speed of the average youth

of society. Suddenly a commanding voice from the interior of the cab brought its clattering wheels to a standstill, and the panting horse stopped breathless at Isabelle's side. She, however, was all unconscious of its nauseating nearness, for at the sound of that voice she experienced a relapse of her former ailment.

The voice was that of Stuyvesant Van Kneebreeches!

No wonder, then, the blue blood in her veins overpowered her.

A scion of one of New York's oldest and most Trustee-ed families, and her accepted suitor, patronized an ochre vehicle!

* * * * *

The Cunard steamer, Gudbydia, sailed for Liverpool two days later, and Isabelle Gramercy's name was on the list of passengers. The following morning Stuyvesant Van Kneebreeches received an envelope from the pilot, who remarked when he handed it over:

"A youngish lady gin me the letter, sir, just as I was a climbin' the rail! She also wished me to hand you this box."

Hastily opening the envelope, Stuyvesant read:

S. S. GUDBYDIA, off Bartholdi Pedestal.

MR. STUYVESANT VAN KNEEBREECHES:

I write to tell you that you may consider yourself a free man. I might have overlooked the peculiar financial methods of your family, but when you disgrace me and mine by indulging in your depraved taste for cheapcabism I can no longer consent to call myself yours.

I return your presents.

ISABELLE GRAMERCY.

"Ha!" said Stuyvesant. "T is well. I see by to-day's paper that Bustem & Grynne have failed and the Gramercy stock has fallen twenty points! Stuyvesant, me boy, you're a lucky fellow."

He then opened the box, and finding therein all the presents he had given to Isabelle, he sat down and wrote his tailor promising to settle as soon as he could realize upon some lately acquired collateral.

This done, Stuyvesant drew out all the bank's balance, entered it as a loan to Shearum & Co., of Wall street, and took the night express for Quebec, where he is a leading social favorite.

J. K. BANGS.



A NEW PICTURE OF HAWTHORNE.

IT is twenty years since Hawthorne died and his son Julian has just given the public an adequate memorial of the great romancer,—*"Nathaniel Hawthorne, and his wife,"* 2 vols. (J. R. Osgood & Co.). Heretofore Hawthorne's own "Note Books" have been the best sources for accurate knowledge of his intellectual life, giving frequent glimpses of the working of his imagination, and indeed, containing the germs of most of his stories. While you read you feel that

you are in the presence of a mysterious alchemist who is working wonders, and transforming vague fancies into golden thoughts. And, in fact, most people think of Hawthorne as a great Wizard, who dwelt above the sphere of human sympathies.

* * *

BUT this latest biography scatters the mists and presents us with a clear view of the man Hawthorne, who lived among men, who loved and struggled, succeeded and died. The attentive reader will not be disappointed or disillusioned, for the man Hawthorne is so much greater and more lovable than the Wizard. It is a relief to know that the sombre moralist of *"The Scarlet Letter"* was a good hand at cards when at college, loved to go shooting with Horatio Bridge, occasionally ran short of funds and wrote home for "more" with all the tact of a well-seasoned Sophomore.

* * *

AND one is persuaded that a genius is very like an ordinary mortal when he reads that Hawthorne was woefully deceived by a wily coquette, and almost persuaded to fight a duel.—And then his love romance! It is so very human and yet so beautiful. All the magic of his melodious prose is revealed in the letters which were written for no eyes but *hers*.

* * *

LET us hear no more of Hawthorne as a morbid, unhealthy genius. This biography reveals, in the bright sunlight, a strong, vigorous life, sweet and pure. He saw deep into the mysteries of life and the solemnity of them was over him. He wrote, as he once said, in a "clear, brown, twilight atmosphere," and over all was what George Eliot has so beautifully termed "a calm vividness, like flowers at eventide." But he wrote not in the starless night, under black clouds and heavy mists.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE Old-fashioned Fairy Book, by Mrs. Burton Harrison; illustrated by Miss Rosina Emmet. Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.

John Rantoul, by Henry Loomis Nelson. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

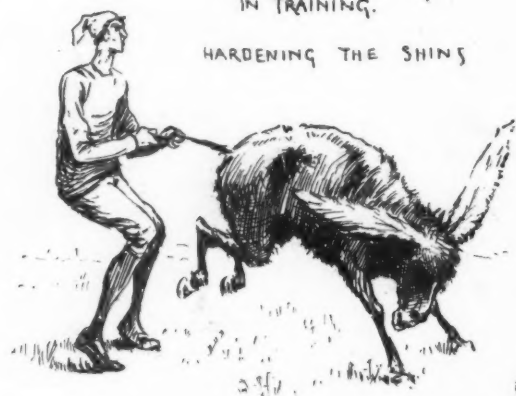
FOOT-BALL.

THE season for opening our Educational Institutions being at hand leads us to present to our readers some impressions of the Foot-ball field, which we think all who have witnessed the contests between the enlightened gentlemen comprising the teams of Yale, Harvard and Princeton on past Thanksgiving Days cannot fail to appreciate.

It is not generally known that the games of this season are to be played under an entirely new and revised set of rules which will add zest to all the contests.

The intention of the players to mangle one another to the full extent of their power is not veiled in pleasant platitudes as in past years, but is amply provided for in the rules, and matters are now so arranged that any team which goes through the season without at least an average of one cold-blooded murder per game loses all claims to prestige.

IN TRAINING.
HARDENING THE SHINS



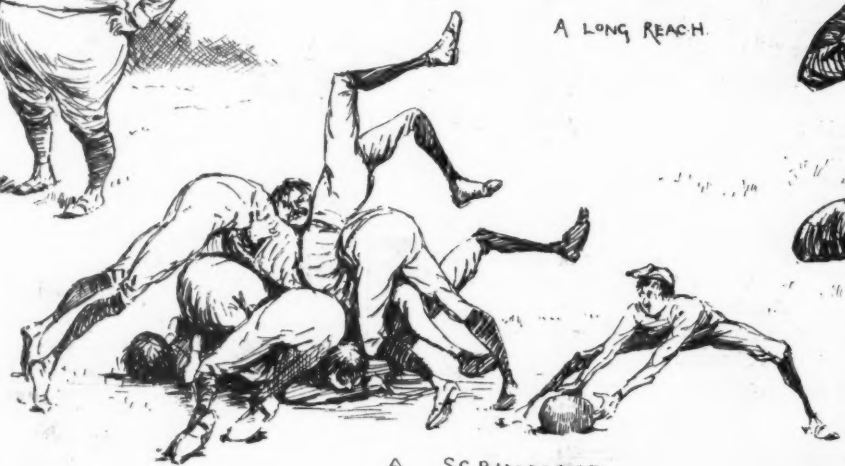
NATURE NEVER INTENDED
SUCH MEN SHOULD PLAY
FOOT-BALL.



A LONG REACH.



A SCRIMMAGE.



NEXT YEAR WE HOPE
TO HAVE THE SHAPE
OF THE FOOT-BALL
PERFECTED.



TAKEN ON THE SPOT.



f.w. Kemble
1884

"Hel-
Two from



Hel-----d"
Two from one, you cant.



MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S play, "Constance," presented last Tuesday evening, was full of lords and ladies, dukes, villains, and elaborate scenery. The interest whirls wildly about the fact that Lady Constance Harlowe Coghlan is separated from her lover, Frank Harlowe Kelcey, who has a winning smile but an unfortunate hat, and married to the Juke d'Azeglio Henley, who walks Spanish and is otherwise an enormously powerful person. All this is accomplished by the aid of Mrs. Melville Ponisi, on account of a domestic quarrel had forty years before. Frank is ordered to Africa before Constance marries the Juke, and there is a red-hot scene when he returns with a red coat and a broken arm to find it out. Here Mrs. Melville Ponisi, who is evidently suffering from ossification of the heart, laughs ha, ha! and retires to gloat over her r-r-r-revenge.

The third act opens in Constance's boudoir and a peck of trouble. Frank comes in to have a chat, and when told that if he stays he will compromise her, says that he loves her, and won't go, and do n't care, and is ill, and thinks she is real mean, and faints dead away on the sofa, and gets covered by a cloak just before the Juke enters to have a Castilian row with Constance. This scene, in which Mr. Buchanan was assisted by Sardou, is the most effective of the play, and won a hearty call for the actors. Then comes the last act. The Juke is killed by his Secretary, Fervel Tearle, in a duel, Frank turns up smiling, the curtain drops, and every body goes home in the horse cars.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum. Everything that could be done to save Mr. Buchanan's play from ruin,—conscientious and able acting, excellent stage management and elaborate mounting,—all was done. Miss Coghlan, and Messrs. Tearle, Henley and Kelcey worked wonders with their parts, considering what their parts were, but in vain. To expect a civilized audience to sympathize with a man who is willing to compromise a married woman because he loves her, or with a wife who openly avows she loves another than her husband, is somewhat reprehensible. Hence, where Mr. Buchanan expected his characters to get sympathy, they received contempt, and his intended villain was pitied, admired and encouraged. The motives were all nonsensical and the characters weak, and no situations, however strong, could win applause for them. Enacted at any other theatre than Wal-lack's, the play would have died at the first curtain. Most skillful surgery and the powerful transfusion of warmth from the veins of the excellent actors, kept it and the audience alive until midnight.

NATURE'S CEREAL STORY—The statistics of the wheat crop.

A MANIFESTO—The Pope's.

THE OLD GOLDEN DUCAT.

HOW dear to his heart is that yellow-backed bank-book,

His busted condition recalls to his view

The pages all dog-eared; the general lank-look;

The money has left it save ducats but two!

Ah, many's the time he has drawn from its pages

And speeded with the principal, interest as well!

But now there is left him in long after ages

Two old golden ducats that cling to the swell.

Those bilious old ducats; those clip't edgéd ducats,

Those old golden ducats that cling to the swell.

PRINCES FOR REVENUE ONLY.

AMONG the many things which we Americans have to be thankful for is that we have no gilt-edged Princelings to keep in pin-money, as have our English cousins. What a drain it would be upon the United States Treasury if we had to supply the sons and daughters of our Presidents and ex-Presidents with the wherewithal to vermilionate our towns scattered broadcast over the nation.

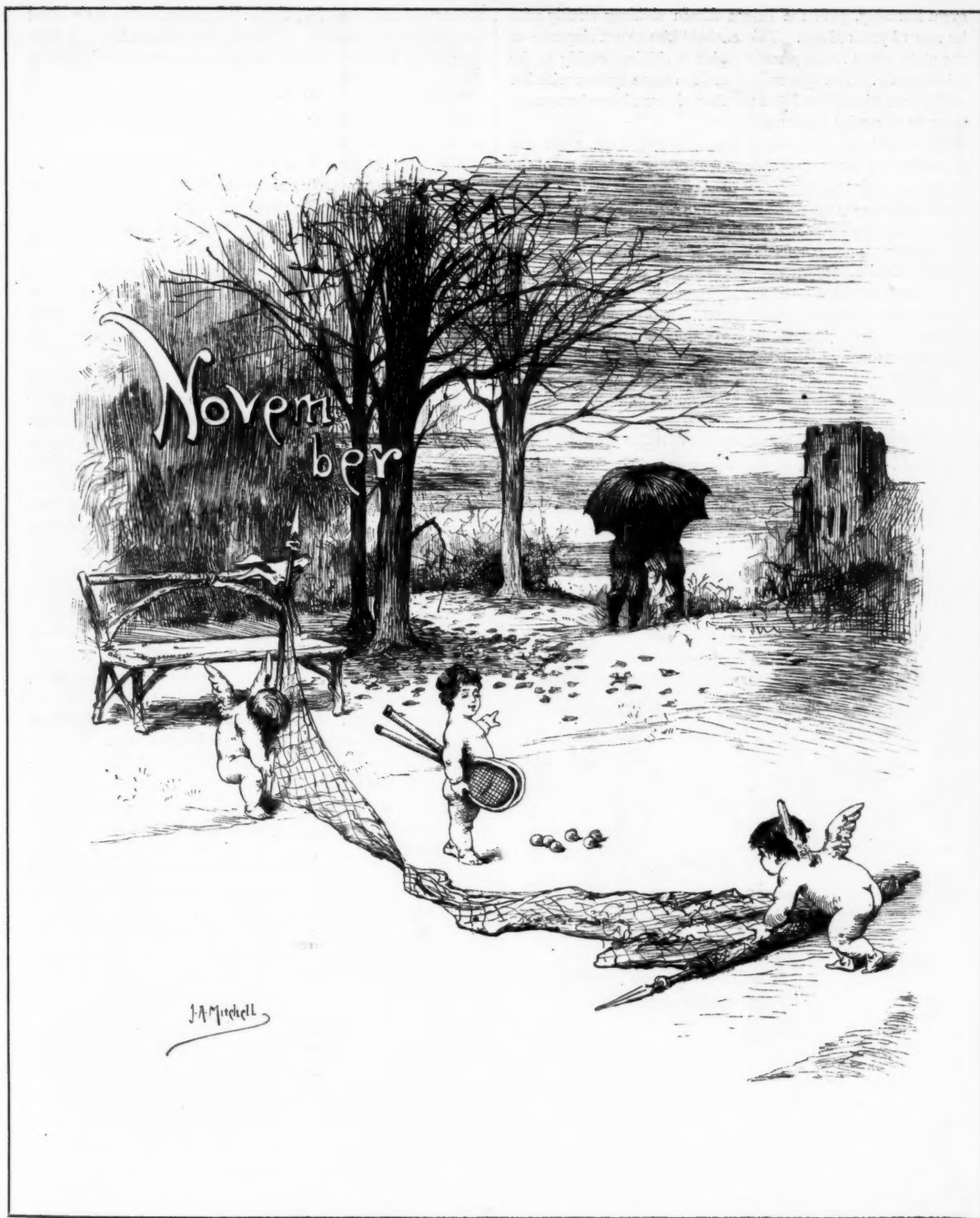
Many is the taunt which the good Queen Victoria has had to bear on account of her so-called impecuniosity, but in one thing she has been more than liberal. That is, the supply of Royal youngsters.

As our esteemed contemporary, the *Times*, so aptly says:

"So pleased were the people of England when the Queen provided a native-born heir that they fired cannon and set off fireworks all over the kingdom. When she thoughtfully provided another and yet another possible heir, in order to have one or more in reserve in case of accident, the English people could not say too much in praise of her thoughtfulness and patriotism. Thus encouraged the Queen persevered until seven Princes and Princesses had been provided, and then, with praiseworthy assiduity, saw them all comfortably married—with one exception.

"Now, it naturally followed that a small army of royal grandchildren began to make its appearance, whereupon the inconsiderate people, forgetting at once their loyalty and their arithmetic, expressed surprise and discontent. They said that while every monarchy ought to be provided with a spare heir or two, a gross of assorted Princes and Princesses was not needed. Forgetting the gratitude they had formerly expressed to the Queen, they began to find fault with her, and insinuated that she had no right to require the State to support eighty or a hundred Princes.

"The Queen undoubtedly has a large income, but she ought not to be expected to support young men who are employed as Princes by the nation. She has, as a matter of fact, supported her own children during their childhood. That in so doing she set her people an example of economy is greatly to her credit. While she supported the Prince of Wales, for example, comfortably during his boyish days, she did not waste money on him. His ducal crown was a very handsome one, but his thoughtful mother required him to wear a silver-plated crown on week days and to save his best one for Sunday. For pocket money the Queen, with



great liberality, gave the Prince fifteen shillings weekly until he was 18 years of age. This enabled him to put sixpence on the plate every Sunday and to give a shilling weekly to the missionaries. The Queen pursued the same system with her earliest grandsons until the number of grandsons became so large as to render it impracticable."

Now the loyal subjects of Great Britain show a decided disposition to resist the endowment of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales to the extent of £10,000 per annum, and it really looks as if this youthful scion of royalty will have to go on the stage and star in America or manage to scrape along on the few hundred thousands of dollars already allowed him by his Hopeful Father.

In the meantime we would earnestly recommend that young Albert Edward Victor Queen Victoria Guelph Coburg Wales, Jr., rent himself out to some enterprising soap or cigarette company for advertising purposes, a field in which he will have such distinguished confreres and confrereses as Henry Ward Beecher, Adelina Patti and Lydia E. Pinkham.

MORE LEAVES FROM IRVING'S DIARY.

NOV. 3d, Boston.—Lord, how many times I've said "I am glad to get back to your lovely city." People keep asking me why I come to Boston during the election.



FAIR PLAY ALL 'ROUND.

MA, WHY DID YOU SEND TOM OUT OF THE ROOM?
BECAUSE HE WAS NAUGHTY AND TRIED TO BITE.
I DON'T THINK THAT'S FAIR, FOR YESTERDAY PA
BIT MISS SEMIBREVE, MY MUSIC TEACHER, THREE OR
FOUR TIMES RIGHT ON THE CHEEK, AND she DIDN'T
SEND him OUT OF THE ROOM.

Stoker told me to say in answer: "Because Boston is the most sensible city in America." Clever chap, Stoker! Now what a judicious mixture of dignified self-esteem and subtle flattery there is in that phrase!

Why between me and my diary, I believe I should fail were it not for Terry and Stoker. My legs don't excite the interest they did last time.

Nov. 5th, Boston.—That man Stetson has no soul! He's just been advising me to change the crook from my left leg to my right. He says he could get some of the newspaper fellows to notice it, and it might "stir up a breeze" for our opening in New York.

Nov. 6th.—By Jove, Terry is getting deuced cocky. I heard her tellin' a fellow in the flies to-night that she thought she might come over here again without me;—without me! Terry without me! Not by a ———, naw, naw, I mean—"not for Venice."

Nov. 7th, Boston.—Curious time they seem to be having here in politics. I had to tell some of the women in my company that they mustn't read the papers. It's really too bad. Now in England—well a man must suit his politics to the climate, I suppose. Rather good that—politics, climate, climate, politics; I must get Hatton to work that up for my second edition of "Impressions of America." By the way, it seems to me Hatton might have written a letter to the "Herald" about my departure, the tears and cheers and Miss Terry swaying gracefully on the gang-plank and all that sort of thing. But between you and my diary, Hatton's an awful ass, when Stoker is n't about to tell him so.

Nov. 8th, Boston.—That beggar Stoker went off to New York and forgot to write me a speech for to-night, when the curtain goes down on the end of my first engagement here, just home from the theatre. I got Haussen to work over one of the old farewells. He put in something about Terry's return to health and strength. That was clever of him. There's been such a deuce of a row about that Twelfth-Night-Terry-vaccination business in London. Stoker put Terry up to saying that it was bad drainage. That saved the doctors and put the blame on the city and nobody cares a ——— about the city.

Nov. 10th, New York.—Feel better now. Stoker is by me again. But I believe the soulless Stetson is trying to ruin me. Patti opened here to-night, too. It's bad enough to run against Blaine and Cleveland and now here's Patti. By the way, Stoker says I've let myself in for it by saying somewhere that I liked Blaine. He has just given me a political memorandum.

Boston—Enthusiastic for Cleveland.

New York—Cleveland.

Philadelphia—Blaine's the man.

Chicago—Blaine.

Further West—More and more Blaine.

I'll look out for that in future. Stoker rather agrees with Stetson on the "leg" matter. I am therefore training my right leg for an hour every morning.

X *Tout ensemble*—The dinner-horn.



YES; her face is close to mine—
Breath like new-mown hay
Fans my neck. My arms I'll twine
Round her neck and say:
Lily dear, thou'rt mine for life.
Tell me, Lily, now,
What, though I may have a wife—
Can't I love my cow?

—Lancaster Examiner.

SHE PULLED IT HERSELF.

"WILL you pull the bell?" she asked of a man across the aisle as the car reached the corner.

"No, madam," he answered with a bow, "but I will be most happy to pull the strap which rings the bell."

"Ah! but never mind! The strap is connected with two bells, and you might stop the wrong end of the car!"

And the look she turned upon him was full of triumph veneered with cayenne pepper.—*Ex.*

"My dear," said a Mormon wife to her husband, "I should think that you would be ashamed of yourself flirting with that Miss B., as you did to-day."

"Flirting with her?" he replied in astonishment. "Why, we have been engaged for more than three months. It's all over town."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said his wife, indifferently. "If you are engaged to her I suppose it is all right. When does the happy event occur?"—*Argonaut.*

CHARLEY BACKUS, the well-known negro minstrel performer, was in the habit of visiting his old mother, in New Bedford, Mass.

While he was there he would go to church with her regularly, Sunday morning, Sunday afternoon, and Sunday evening. On one occasion a collection was being taken up in aid of the missionaries at the Sandwich Islands. The plate was being passed around and the frugal congregation were putting in their pennies and their shin-plasters, in the denomination of twenty-five cents. Backus most munificently dropped in a silver dollar.

His mother leaned over in the high-back pew, and whispered: "Charley, why will you be so extravagant? A quarter was plenty to put in that box."

"Never mind, mother," said the minstrel, "I play to the Sandwich Islanders next month, and I'll rake in the whole collection."—*Rambler.*

BOSTON'S RECENT ARISTOCRACY.

INDIAN SQUAW (visiting her daughters at the Indian school)—
"Who are those two girls you were playing with?" Indian pupils—"Their names are Edith and Ellie. They are such nice little girls." "But they are white." "Yes, ma." "Where do they come from?" "Edith is from Boston and Ellie is from Philadelphia." "Just as I supposed. How often must I tell you never to associate with such folks." "Why, ma, what is the matter with them?" "The idea of my children—my children—stooping to recognize such creatures! Be more exclusive. Remember you belong to one of the old families." "But do n't they, ma?" "Of course not. They are more foreigners, whose ancestors came over with Miles Standish and William Penn."—*Philadelphia Call.*

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"You are on the wrong tack," said the pilot's wife, when the hardy son of the loud-sounding sea sat down on it and arose with the usual exclamations.

"No," he replied, after a critical examination, "I'm on the right tack, I guess, but I'm on the wrong end of it."—*Argonaut.*

GROCER, to his shopman: "Pedro, I owe about three thousand francs."

"Yes, sir."

"I have two thousand francs in the safe, but the shop is empty; I think it is the right moment to fail."

"That's just what I think."

"But I want a plausible pretext for my creditors. You have plenty of brains; think the matter over to-night and to-morrow morning."

The clerk promised to think it carefully over. On entering the shop next morning, the grocer found the safe open, the money gone, and in its place a note, which ran as follows: "I have taken the two thousand francs, and am off to America. It is the best excuse you can give to your creditors."—*Argonaut.*

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A CENT of 1797 has been sold within a year for \$11. Debtors in this vicinity appear to be holding on to their money in the hope of realizing a premium on it.—*Lowell Citizen.*

If you know where the Island of Samos is you may be tickled to learn that a tunnel 5,000 feet long and seven feet high has just been discovered there. They want to sell it to some American for a refrigerator.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It was in a restaurant. A big man and a little man stood side by side. "Gimme the salt, please," said the little man. "I'm not the waiter," said the big man in a surly tone. "Excuse me," was the retort. "It was a mistake any one would have made."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

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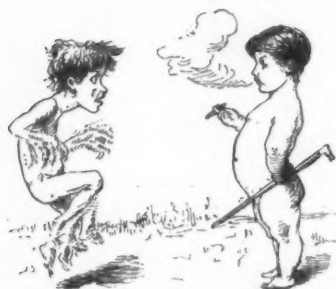
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Sir Cynic—Ofttimes upon the bridge I meet with fools.

Lady Biglove—How know you them?

Sir Cynic— I faith they run,
At the tinkling of the bell, until the sweat
Adown their faces pour, and they do pant
As lolling dogs in June. Yet still they run,
And, running, cross the bridge
While it is on the move, and narrowly escape
A wat'ry grave or being pinched to death.

Lady Biglove—Perhaps they run sometimes to catch a train.

Sir Cynic—Nay, lady, nay; they run because they're fools,

For being once across, they stop and stand
And watch the ships go by;
Nor move upon their journey hence
Until the bridge be closed again.

—From the Chicago News.



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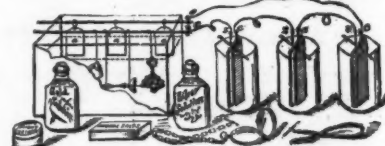
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